

THE METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Memoirs and Recollections of the late Abraham Raimbach, Esq., Engraver, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and Honorary Member of the Academies of Arts of St. Petersburg, Geneva, and Amsterdam. Including a Memoir of Sir David Wilkie, R. A. Edited by M. T. S. RAIMBACH, M. A.

THE history of the arts involves an interest in artists. In tracing the fluctuating prosperity, the depressions and advancements, the energy and the humiliation, of the one, we are naturally and unavoidably led into curious speculations as to the lot of those through whose inventive minds and creative hands their progress has been channelled and their way made. In his own peculiar line of excellence, Wilkie was one who in our day exercised no common influence on the noble art of painting, and coupled with his name comes that of Raimbach, as that copartner through whose agency the knowledge of his works has been disseminated, and an acquaintance with them thrown open to multitudes who otherwise could only have known some of the finest productions of the studio but by name. If to the painter belongs the praise of transferring the bright dreams and the lofty conceptions of the imagination to canvas, it is to the engraver that the universality of the world's familiarity with them is to be attributed. Thus there is a fitness in the association of the two names that stand together on the title-page of this work, operating with a mutual enhancement of interest upon the mind.

Seldom, however, does the life of a man devoted to the study of the arts, or indeed to that of any peculiar branch of knowledge, exhibit

many of those stirring scenes and strong excitements which render memoirs of those whose bodily activities and mental energies impel them into the broader channels of life, where their strugglings agitate still more the already angry surges, and create around them scenes of sometimes the strongest excitement so interesting. True it is that these stirrings of the waters soon subside again, whilst the labours of mind to which the *devotée* in the arts dedicates himself remain in tangible form as treasures to posterity. But as a consequence of this sedentary shape of occupation, we must rather look for a history of the actions of the mind than of the actions of the body in the biographies of such men ; and thus in the instances both of Wilkie and Raimbach, we find our interest in tracing those uphill endeavours by means of which they attained their positions in the world of art, and in gaining a private knowledge of those public works with which we have most of us been so long familiar. The man whose days, whose years, nay, whose life is spent with his body chained down almost in an invariable position in the necessary manipulation of his creative toils, is consequently arbitrarily withdrawn from that sphere of active energy wherein incidents generate actions, and actions generate incidents.

The truth of these observations will at once be felt in the perusal of the volume which has occasioned them. We have in it an autobiography of Raimbach, in which is detailed the history of his early efforts, his discouragements, his alternate elations and depressions, and the gradual establishment of his reputation in the world : these are all valuable, but they are interspersed with observations on the arts, criticisms, the introduction of numerous personages, in whom, from the celebrity of their names, we all take an interest, and who, in the prosecution of his labours, came into contact with the engraver, anecdotes of the republic of the arts, especially of his own private connexion with Wilkie, and the true history, divested of every species of puffery, of the varying successes of the plates from his paintings, in which they were joint partners. Some explanatory matter by his son, kept carefully distinct from the text, is all that has been added as far as Raimbach is concerned : the memoir of Wilkie resting of course upon another footing.

We know not whether others may join us in the feeling, but for our own part we have a peculiar interest in tracing the path of those, the impressions of whose footsteps are still fresh before us. Time has not yet obliterated them, nor have their actions or their opinions yet passed into the haze of obscurity. The presence of their venerable age has but just left us, and we would willingly trace them backwards to the fresh days of their own youth. There is something encouraging to us in their untiring industry, their unquenchable hopes, their never worn-out zeal. These were the things which characterized and dignified the youth both of Wilkie and Raimbach, and they were those which brought honour on their meridian and age. Two of the most pleasing traits in the connexion between these distinguished men were their courteous friendship and their mutual liberality. No tradesman-like, grasping, mercenary spirit, ever came in between them to degrade them into mere hucksters, and to blight their social regard : we are perhaps the better pleased with this urbane feeling, because of its absence from most pecuniary arrangements.

As our limits preclude our extracting such consecutive portions of the work as might bring any fair portion of Rambach's life before our readers, we content ourselves with presenting him as a beholder of Napoleon Buonaparte in the one instance, and in the second as a spectator of the distribution of medals in the class of the fine arts in the Institute at Paris, Sir Thomas Lawrence being also a sharer in the scene.

"Paris abounds with objects that engage the attention and excite the interest of strangers in an extraordinary degree; but the sight which stimulated public curiosity at this time beyond every thing else was that of the 'observed of all observers,' the first consul himself! As my stay in Paris was at first meant to be about ten days or a fortnight at the utmost (though it extended, in fact, to two months), I had but small hopes of success in this matter, more especially as Bonaparte seldom appeared but at a review or at a theatre, and at the latter always without any previous announcement. I made some attempts at the Opera and Théâtre Français, at times when, according to the rumour of the day, the presence of the first consul was expected; but they ended in disappointment. However, I did ultimately succeed in obtaining a view of this modern Attila, as he has been designated. He was accustomed, at intervals, to review the troops forming the garrison of Paris in the open space (Place du Carousal) in front of the Tuileries; and here I secured a place for six francs at a first-floor window of a house under repair, that abutted on one end of the ground, and afforded a commanding sight of the whole. The soldiers were ranged in lines the entire length of the place, and consisting as they did of the *élite* of the infantry, and amounting, as I was told, to six or seven thousand men, all in their best appointments, they certainly made, under the glow of a bright day in August, a spectacle that the French might well feel proud of. The company of sappers, with their picturesque beards, snow-white leather aprons, and polished steel axes glancing in the meridian sun, attracted especial notice.

"Precisely at twelve o'clock, the first consul descended the great staircase of the *château*, and, mounting his favourite white horse, and surrounded by a numerous *état-major*, among whom the Mameluke Roustan was conspicuous by his eastern costume, was saluted with military honours, music, drums, trumpets, and the shouts of the assembled multitude. After some preliminary inspection, which occupied nearly an hour, Bonaparte rode up and down the respective lines at a hand-canter, accompanied by his brilliant staff, all glittering in golden splendour. He himself was dressed in a blue uniform, entirely destitute of ornament, plain cocked hat, white pantaloons, and jockey-boots—boots with tops—and was a little in advance of his company. As he approached the end of the line that was within a few yards of my station, I had a very distinct view of his person; and it made that kind of impression on me that the recollection of it is still fresh in my memory at the moment I am now writing—a lapse of five and thirty years. He appeared small in person, *thin*, of a placid, grave expression, and a complexion of a clear, yellowish brown, quite equal and unvaried in colour. When the inspection was finished, he rode to the centre, and shortly addressing the soldiers saluted them, and passed under the archway of the palace; the troops filed off, and the review terminated.

"It was impossible to avoid remarking the deep and universal feeling of pride and admiration with which the French regarded their youthful hero—he was then about thirty-two years old, but looked scarcely so much, perhaps from the slightness of his figure. Of about twenty-five persons collected on benches raised one above another in the window and balcony where I sat, there was no foreigner but myself; and, from the

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price of admission, the individuals might be fairly considered generally of a respectable station. Of this company, there was not one that did not loudly and enthusiastically express his sentiments in favour of the restorer and promoter of the *glory* of their country. This, perhaps, is not an unfair instance of the predominating spirit of the nation, and naturally leads to the reflection of how powerful and how formidable such a spirit must render such a people! After the review—parade was the French term for it—Bonaparte held a *levée*, or *réception*, which was numerously attended, chiefly by military and foreigners, Englishmen mustering in great numbers."

"The annual distribution of medals in the class of the fine arts in the Institute occurring during my stay in Paris, I had the good fortune to receive from one of the members, M. Desnoyers, a ticket, admitting me to the body of the hall where this interesting ceremony took place. M. Gros presided on the occasion, and the scene was graced by a brilliant show of ladies in addition to the crowd of gentlemen. The proceedings displayed some peculiarities, highly characteristic and exciting to the English part of the assemblage. A few words from the President opened the sitting, and was followed by a statement read by M. Garnier, relative to the progress of the class, and commendatory of the merits of the concurrents, more especially those of the successful candidates. The medals were then delivered by the President to the fortunate competitors, accompanied with a brief complimentary address to each, as they respectively made way to the rostrum on their names being called in succession. Immediately afterwards each medalist rushed to his instructor (usually a member of the Institute), seated in the first circle of the amphitheatre, and, with repeated and vehement kisses on both sides of the face, thus gave vent to his grateful and delighted feelings, which next overflowed in the same way to his nearest relations then present. The presentation of each medal was attended with applause, more or less enthusiastic and vociferous, particularly from the numerous students in the gallery, according to the degree in which the award of the judges coincided with the opinion of the auditory. There was, however, one, and *only* one exception to this unison of sentiment throughout. This happened in an instance where the fairest claim was said to have been superseded by undue influence; and a burst of indignant clamour ensued on announcing the name, that made the very walls of the *Quatre-Nations* to vibrate. The perpetual Secretary of the class of fine arts, M. Quatremère de Quincy, now read a long dissertation, which, being followed by some well-executed prize pieces of music, both vocal and instrumental, by an excellent orchestra of performers, very pleasantly terminated the solemnities of the day.

"Many of the members of the Institute and some of the ministers were present. Among the artists I perceived Gros, Garnier, Vernet, and Ingres. Gérard was absent. The only drawback to my entire satisfaction was in observing our distinguished countryman, Lawrence, enter the hall and proceed to one of the seats open to the public, without introduction or any kind of ceremony; and after remaining to the end utterly unnoticed, was finally suffered to quit the hall without the smallest mark of respect or recognition whatever. As I felt somewhat indignant at this apparent neglect of our celebrated artist, I could not refrain from expressing my surprise to a French friend at this seeming want of courtesy, when he assured me that the powers of Lawrence, as a portrait-painter, were admitted to a certain degree, but that his acquirements as an artist generally were estimated rather cheaply by the painters of the Institute, who considered themselves as holding, in quality of historical painters, a much higher grade in the profession. Sir Thomas wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. I had occasion to observe afterwards that the kind of diplomatic state and style of procedure he had very properly adopted, as commissioned by one monarch to another, was made a

subject of ridicule by the French, who, although the kingly government has been restored, have certainly not regained their ancient loyalty and veneration for the throne."

In our notice of this work we have not felt called upon to exercise a strict critical censorship, inasmuch as it has avowedly been penned by a veteran parent to gratify the wishes of an affectionate son, and has not been designed to cope with that powerful competition which characterizes the literature of the day, the work not even bearing a publisher's name. In this view of the matter we have no right to object to the somewhat lengthy and rather too late details of the Engraver's youthful visit to Paris, though otherwise we might have thought them rather out of date. As a matter of feeling, however, any record of the life of an estimable and talented man ought to be acceptable to those on whom his labours have conferred both pleasure and benefit.

Steam Voyages on the Siene, the Moselle, and the Rhine; with Railroad Visits to the Principal Cities of Belgium, &c. &c. By RICHARD QUIN, Esq., author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube," "A Year in Spain," &c. &c.

THE feeling of exhilarating cheerfulness with which these volumes open, is considerably damped by the information contained in the advertisement which introduces them. We regret to learn that he who has been the means of leading so many of the public to the enjoyment of pure and improving pleasures, should himself be no more sentient of such emotions in this stirring and bustling world. Whilst revising the proofs of the work before us for the press, at Boulogne, where he had been residing for the benefit of his health, Mr. Quin's maladies assumed a fatal aspect, and the termination of his own existence left the unfinished task devolving on the hands of a friend.

Mr. Quin's former work, "The Danube," which has enjoyed some celebrity, has made him favourably known, both to the reading and the travelling world. In that production he was the pioneer of a numerous band of tourists, who, stimulated by his descriptions, set themselves to the pleasant labour of exploring its marginal beauties; and in this the last effort of his pen he has so agreeably depicted the attractions of the Siene, the Moselle, and the Rhine, that we doubt not the coming summer will send forth its myriads of pleasure and health-seeking emigrants to explore the romantic scenes which fringe the borders of these smiling rivers. That mighty propelling power, Steam, which diffuses man so energetically over the surface of the globe, alike omnipotent on land and water, places such rapid locomotion in our power, that almost with a wish, like the fairy tales of our nursery, we are where we would be. The continent is now more easy of exploration than was once, and that at a time not so very distant, the neighbouring sections of our own speck of land; the vast facilities for transferring our bodily presence from place to place, enabling us now to see with our own eyes things widely separated by space, and with which we were once fain to be contented with the description. Mr. Quin has done his share, and that a large one, for which the public ought

to be grateful, towards promoting the pleasure of our summer tourists. His work narrates the line of his own travels, and one on which he may be well and profitably followed. The common fault of works of this nature is one so natural to them, that it is difficult of avoidance. The traveller feels compulsorily obliged to notice every object of interest in his way, and obeying this coercion rather than a *con amore* influence, the task is too often languidly performed. Legends which sound romantically enough when listened to from the lips of some novel personage on the site of performance, when they are transferred to paper, and thus placed in comparison with efforts of the imagination, generally appear tame and listless. Trying to make the most of everything, the narrator too often feels and exposes the barrenness through which he travels. The rich mine of invention being sealed, the mere matter of fact often appears naked and poverty-stricken. It is only when falling back upon his own gest and good humour, and casting over his descriptions the enjoyment of his own feelings, that a tourist can infect a reader with his own pleasure : otherwise we appear to have nothing but the fatigue of travelling, without rejoicing in the verdure of the fields, or the gladness of the summer sky. It is the presence of this cheerfulness which is so exhilarating in Mr. Quin's ready, flowing, fluent, happy style. The tone of enjoyment which pervades his works is rather in himself than his subject ; not that he has overwrought it, but that in depicting the thing he has also left his own stamp upon it. If disappointment ensue in those who track his footsteps, they may be assured that it will rather result from the deficiency of this temper in themselves than in any enhancing intention in their author. It is this spirit which, investing the scenes through which he passed with such a tone of satisfaction and enjoyment, induced so many travellers to follow Mr. Quin on his former line of tour, and the same influence will we doubt not operate now. We love the man who, travelling from Dan to Beersheba, finds all things fruitful. The human mind is the greatest desert upon earth, and wherever a man may wander he can never get rid of himself. If, then, we are willing to cultivate Mr. Quin's temper, we may also follow his path, fairly hoping to find, with him, the same satisfaction and enjoyment. An interesting view of the *Beguinage* at Ghent will show how strong was Mr. Quin's admiration for that establishment.

" There is scarcely any religious establishment upon the continent which a traveller, no matter what his faith may be, visits with greater interest and satisfaction than that which goes under the name of the "*Beguinage*." There are two communities of this order in Ghent, one belonging to the greater *Beguinage*, the other to the smaller. I took an early opportunity of driving to the former. Upon entering within its gate, I found that it was a village in itself, enclosed within a fosse and a wall, a square in the middle, in which was a Spanish-looking church, neat small houses all round, accessible by short passages in front, through doors with small grills in them, through which questions were asked before admission was given to a stranger. Plates are on or over these doors, upon which are inscribed the names of saints or of sisters of the order. Approaching one of the houses nearest to the gate, I pulled the bell-ring ; a sister immediately appeared at the grill, and asked if I wished to see any particular person in the house. I answered that I merely wished to see the house itself ; upon which I was shown into a large apartment, where several

females, not dressed in the habit of the order, were engaged in knitting and sewing. Three or four of the community were also present, similarly occupied. The nun who acted as my guide, then approaching a cupboard, informed me that it contained the whole of her part of the establishment. It was fitted up with shelves, upon which were a few plates, cup, saucer, teapot, and coffee-pot, part of a loaf of bread, a portion of butter, a knife and fork, and a napkin. 'Here is my table,' said she, drawing out a square board from beneath the lower shelf of the cupboard,—'we do not dine or take any of our meals in common, because we are usually out the greater part of the day, and our return is uncertain. When our engagements abroad are discharged, then we come home and prepare our own breakfasts and dinners. We have each of us a cupboard like this, with its small table, at which each of the sisters sits alone. Here,' she added, opening the lower doors of the cupboard under the table, 'are some specimens of my work, perhaps you would like to look at them?' She then produced several specimens of fancy-work, very neatly executed. Among these were purses fashioned in the old style, consisting of cards cut three-corner-wise, covered with silk of different colours, a gold tassel at the bottom, edged with gold cord, and at top capable of being opened or closed by gold cords, which were arranged for the purpose. Nice pin-cushions, kettle-holders, and all that knick-knackery of small affairs, the names of which my 'gentle readers' know a great deal better than I do, abounded in the nun's little closet. I purchased a few specimens of her industry, as memorials of my visit to this interesting establishment: she then shewed me over her cell, and an apartment attached to it, in which, she said, she had the privilege of lodging, for such length of time as she pleased, any female relative who came to see her. Both her cell and its adjoining chamber were furnished in a plain, comfortable style, and were kept delicately clean. This description of my kind guide's abode may serve for that of every other sister of the community. In each house there are two or three cells, with adjoining apartments for hospitality. The members of the Beguinage are not bound by their vows to remain in the community an hour longer than they think fit. While they so remain they are pledged to celibacy. They employ the whole of their time in the duties of religion, in attending on the sick, assisting the clergy in preparing for death those who may be in need of their most consoling services, in administering charity secretly amongst those families whom they may discover to be in want, preparing articles of dress for the poor, and in short, in every kind of good work that is acceptable to the Divine Master whom they serve. Though free to quit the community whenever they please, I was informed that very few instances had occurred of a sister divesting herself of her veil, and those instances were chiefly attributable to maladies which required change of climate.

"Although separated during the course of the day, after the morning service the whole of the community assemble at seven o'clock P.M., in the church, to attend the benediction. I returned to the Beguinage a little before that hour, and observed with great interest the constant streaming in through the gate of these admirable women, hastening to their devotions from all quarters of the city, in which they had been during the day exercising the saintly functions of their order. Their head-dress is peculiar, and highly picturesque. Over a black silk hood they carry a veil, called a *beguine*, folded flat in form of a square, and laid upon the top of the hood. It is formed of a snowy white lawn: when they enter the church, they stop for a moment to remove the *beguine* from their heads, open it out, and then arrange it gracefully over the silk hood, so as partly to conceal the face. They then proceed to their places among the benches and genuflectories ranged on both sides of the nave, and occupy themselves for a while in meditation and prayer.

"When I beheld the whole of the sisterhood, consisting of nearly seven hundred individuals, thus congregated, kneeling before the altar, which was lighted up for the solemnity of the evening with numerous tapers ornamented with flowers, and arranged in pure white draperies, richly fringed with gold; not a breath audible throughout the whole assembly, all with one soul waiting for the blessing they were about to receive as the crowning reward for the labours of the day, I suddenly felt as if I had been for a moment admitted to behold the choir of heaven prostrate before the throne of God."

Wyandotté; or, the Huttel Knoll. By J. FENNIMORE COOPER, Esq.

Hitherto Cooper's voluminous writings seem to have divided themselves into classes from a difference so inherent and so marked as almost to make us wonder how productions so opposite could spring from the same hand, or be emanations from the same mind. Those of his works in which he walks the woods with its native denizens, or "goes down to the sea in ships and does business in great waters," are as strongly marked by the genius essentially and exclusively dominant in their creation, as are those, on the opposite hand, in which he has blindly wandered into the vapidness of everyday life, stamped by imbecility, shapelessness, and inertness. We speak strongly, because we would willingly drive Cooper from the fenced in pale of artificial meanlessness, and force him to roam through those majestic wildernesses where he is indeed "monarch of all he surveys," and we would the more dictatorially banish him from the smooth highways of macadamized society, because, with that strange blindness which marks the sad absence of common sense from the companionship of genius, he has of late years shown a species of lingering fondness for the very scenes in which his own free spirit becomes palsied and his hand nerveless; manifesting, in thus hovering round the blaze of his literary destruction, something of the infatuation of the moth seeking its own extinction. We have said that hitherto Cooper's works may be divided into these two classes,—the wild and reckless, or the tame and artificial; but the present one is more like a "halting between two opinions:" it is a mixture of the untrammelled woodland existence and the dulness of the domestic cares of a household hearth: a something of the fierce bird of the wilderness tamed down; a kind of caging of the eagle. In short, a species of partnership between Cooper abroad and Cooper at home.

The work opens at a point in which an officer of the English army is beating his sword into a ploughshare, and casting his lot amidst the solitudes of America, as a settler, just previous to her dismemberment from the home country. It is in the choice of his location that Wyandotté is first introduced, who, knowing, as a hunter, the most promising position for location, sells his information to Captain Willoughby "for a consideration." This man, having been a retainer of the English contingent, has amply succeeding in grafting the European vices of sordidness and drunkenness upon the fiercer stock of his own wild nature, and is, in truth, the hero of the tale, if importance of action can be thought to counterbalance frequency of presence: otherwise, his long intervals of absence leave Captain Willoughby as

the acting partner. Thus having, by the advice of Wyandotté, chosen the deserted beaver haunt as the spot on which to rear his household gods, and possessing sufficient pecuniary resources to enable him to carry comforts, if not luxuries, into his future abode; gathering around him also a sufficient number of retainers to give something of a patriarchal character to this new condition of his life, the soldier settler breaks his first bread, and watches the first blue smoke curling up from the fireside of his new home. Here he builds a sort of garrison, retaining a portion of his military tactics in the erection of his dwelling; and not without occasion, since the fire of Indian warfare still smouldered around: yet, with that inconsistency into which Cooper falls in almost all his narratives, always placing his personages in needless dangers, which a slight degree of understanding removed from idiocy in them might have avoided, the pair of massive gates prepared for this forest citadel are left lying as unsightly and reproachful lumber on the ground, not for a month or a year, but from the childhood to womanhood of his children. They are never attempted to be hung until the endeavour is made with an enemy looking on, and then so futilely done that all the trouble might as well have been spared. It is indeed extraordinary, that with all Cooper's masterly talent of describing hairbreadth escapes *out of* difficulties, he usually manifests the most lamentable want of perception of the best means of getting his characters *into* them; and the one being so ill done, sometimes excites as much provocation, as the other, being so well done, does of admiration.

The Hutted Knoll then becomes the future home of the ex-officer, his wife, his daughter, and an adopted child, an orphan girl, whose parents had been well-beloved friends. This girl, Maud Meredith, is the heroine of the tale, and is consequently attached to the settler's son, a fine young man, and, like his father, in the army. By degrees the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose, the cheerful hum of busy industry rises heavenward, the barns are filled with plenty, the stalls with fatness, the fields yield their increase, the streams give up their finny tribe, the woods their savoury prey. Plenty smiles around, and the settler and his wife rejoice in the midst of their children and their patriarchal life. A suitor presents himself to Beulah, the real daughter, and they marry, whilst Maud still cherishes her love for her nominal brother. Had all this been written by another than Cooper, we should have said it was well, but from him we expect better than well, and we are scarcely content. There is a certain tameness in the domesticity which he has dilated upon. Fireside conversations, summer-evening loungings, love-making,—none of these are his *forte*. His women have all the demerit of over-naturalness; they are as unmeaning and wearying as those with whom we are jostled every day of our life, and we like their company as little. Maud, whom he evidently has intended to endow with a bright spirit, flashes no light around her; and there is sad want of taste and lack of refinement in the interchange of devotedness between herself and her swain. Instance the hoisting him up with ropes and pulleys into a window of the garrison under the injurious comparison of slaughtered provision for the besieged, the declaration of love sent in a snuff-box, and the

reiteration beyond enumeration of that sadly unsentimental abbreviation "*Bob*," perpetually grating upon our nerves for the entire for ever of the narrative. After all, when Shakspeare asks the whole world, "What's in a name?" the whole world ought to answer, "A great deal." It is a death-word to sentiment to apostrophise a lover every half dozen syllables by such a sobriquet.

Since, however, there is no rubbing out the specks of the sun, let us be content with its brightness. "*The Huttred Knoll*" is still haunted by some of Cooper's old spirit. The character of the real hero, Wyandotté, is marked and new. There is originality in the delineation of his double being. We have said that, following the British camp, this man had imbibed its vices. The degradation of that corruption which clings to grosser natures had debased this child of the forest. Falsehood, cunning, drunkenness, every species of knavery he had readily acquired, and with these camp vices, practised whilst under military discipline, he had fallen under military correction. He had borne corporeal punishment under the command of Captain Willoughby, and had submitted grovelling to the lash, which it might be he had deserved. In olden times, it was an axiom that punishment was the penance which absolved a man from his offences, that it was the scouring out of the stain, the fulling that whitened the pollution: in modern adjudicature, a part of the liberal spirit of the day is to disavow the doctrine of paying men the just reward of their deeds, and to rest the entire usefulness of what was once considered retributive justice on its deterring efficacy. Our modern courts of law avow that they do not punish so much for the crime committed as for the sake of repelling future reiteration; losing sight of the doctrine of our forefathers, that paying the penalty was in some sort an acquittal of the crime, a view of the matter that might possibly reconcile, at least in some few instances, the mind of him who had to endure it, by teaching him that by such a process he might be reinstating himself: looking only on the principle which influences modern arbitration, the good of deterring others rather than of restoring efficacy to the individual, no wonder, we say, that the payment of that just penalty which the criminal has incurred appears both degradation and injury. Thus it is that corporeal punishment especially, almost without exception, debases him who endures it. The mind, already degraded, feels keenly and powerfully that its copartner the body is also abased, and instead of a regenerated energy of right, there follows the utter extinction of every moral aspiration.

The lash had this effect on Wyandotté, of, as he was known under his camp name, of Nick, Sassy Nick. His Indian nature became deadened within him; the creed of native virtues forgotten; the lofty spirit of a warrior and a chief laid low. Debased, degraded, grovelling, —selfishness, extortion, trickery, and low cunning took their place; and so for years does the Indian figure on Cooper's pages, his old existence as a freeborn leader of his tribe, wild, revengeful, but withal not destitute of native nobleness, all but forgotten and laid aside together with his very name. Thus in a great degree content in a species of sottish degradation, Sassy Nick pays occasional visits to Captain Willoughby at his new settlement, manifesting a sort of

spaniel-like affection for the hand that has smitten him, and practising every species of pretence for extorting the price of a little and a little more "water fire." But after a while the clouds lower over the settler's patriarchal home. The quarrel breaks out between the mother country and her colony, and war tracks her bloody path to the "Hutted Knoll." Dangers and exigencies arise, and in the midst of them the Indian appears, now no longer the degraded camp follower, but rejecting the very name of his debasement "Nick," and resuming that of his chieftainship, "Wyandotté." Thus shaking off the slough of his late existence, no longer mercenary, no longer craving "the water fire," the Indian is himself again. This is a fine conception, and worthy of Cooper's genius. The triumph of Wyandotté's Indian nature over that of his artificial is admirable, and that consummating stroke, climax of horror though it be, is also a climax of talent.

"Nick's face was a fair index to his mind; nor were his words intended to deceive. Never did Wyandotté forget the good or evil that was done him. After looking intently a short time at the Hut, he turned, and abruptly demanded of his companions—

"'Why come here? like to see enemy between you and wigwam?'

"As all Nick said was uttered in a guarded tone, as if he fully entered into the necessity of remaining concealed from those who were in such a dangerous vicinity, it served to inspire confidence, inducing the two soldiers to believe him disposed to serve them.

"'Am I to trust in you as a friend?' demanded the captain, looking the Indian steadily in the eye.

"'Why won't trust? Nick no hero—gone away—Nick nebber come ag'in—Wyandotté, hero—who no trust Wyandotté? Yengeese always trust great chief.'

"'I shall take you at your word, Wyandotté, and tell you every thing, hoping to make an ally of you. But, first explain to me why you left the Hut last night—friends do not desert friends.

"'Why leave wigwam? Because wanted to. Wyandotté come when he want; go when he want. Nick go too. Went to see son—come back; tell story, eh?'

"'Yes, it has happened much as you say, and I am willing to think it all occurred with the best motives. Can you tell anything of Joel, and the others who have left me?'

"'Why tell? Cap'in look; he see. Some chop—some plough—some weed—some dig ditch. All like ole time. Bury hatchet—tired of war-path why cap'in ask?'

"'I see all you tell me. You know, then, that those fellows have made friends with the hostile party?'

"'No need know—see. Look—Injin chop, pale-face look on! Call that war?'

"'I do see that which satisfies me the men in paint yonder are not all red men.'

"'No—cap'in right—tell him so at wigwam. But dat Mohawk—dog—rascal—Nick's enemy!'

"This was said with a gleam of fierceness shooting across the swarthy face, and a menacing gesture of the hand in the direction of a real savage, who was standing indolently leaning against a tree, at a distance so small as to allow those on the rock to distinguish his features. The vacant expression of this man's countenance plainly denoted that he was totally unconscious of the vicinity of danger. It expressed the listless vacancy of an Indian in a perfect state of rest, his stomach full, his body at ease, his mind peaceful.

" 'I thought Nick was not here,' the captain quietly observed, smiling on the Tuscarora a little ironically.

" 'Cap'in right—Nick no here. Well for dog 'tis so. Too mean for Wyandotté to touch. What cap'in come for? Eh! Better tell chief—get council widout lighten' fire.'

" 'As I see no use in concealing my plan from you, Wyandotté,'—Nick seemed pleased whenever this name was pronounced by others,— 'I shall tell it you freely. Still, you have more to relate to me. Why are you here? And how came you to discover us?'

" 'Follow trail—know cap'in foot—know sergeant foot—know Mike foot—see so many foot, follow him. Leave so many,' holding up three fingers, 'in bushes—so many,' holding up two fingers, 'come here. Foot tell *which* come here—Wyandotté chief—he follow chief.'

" 'When did you first strike, or see our trail, Tuscarora?'

" 'Up here—down yonder—over dere.' Captain Willoughby understood this to mean that the Indian had crossed the trail, or seen it in several places. 'Plenty trail; plenty foot to tell all about it. Wyandotté see foot of friend—why he don't follow, eh?'

" 'I hope this is all so, old warrior, and that you will prove yourself a friend indeed. We are out in the hope of liberating my son, and we came here to see what our enemies are about.'

" 'The Tuscarora's eyes were like two inquisitors as he listened; but he seemed satisfied that the truth was told him. Assuming an air of interest, he inquired if the captain knew where the major was confined. A few words explained everything, and the parties soon understood each other.

" 'Cap'in right,' observed Nick. 'Son in cupboard still; but plenty warrior near to keep eye on him.'

" 'You know his position, Wyandotté, and can aid us materially, if you will. What say you, chief; will you take service once more under your old commander?'

" 'Who *he* sarve? King George—Congress—eh?'

" 'Neither. I am neutral, Tuscarora, in the present quarrel. I only defend myself, and the rights which the laws assure to me, let whichever party govern that may.'

" 'Dat bad. Nebber neutral in hot war. Get rob from bot' aside. Always be one or t'oder, cap'in.'

" 'You may be right, Nicolas; but a conscientious man may think neither wholly right nor wholly wrong. I wish never to lift the hatchet unless my quarrel be just.'

" 'Injin no understand *dat*. Throw hatchet at *enemy*—what matter what he say?—good t'ing, bad t'ing. He *enemy*—dat enough. Take scalp from *enemy*—don't touch *friend*.'

" 'That may do for *your* mode of warfare, Tuscarora, but it will hardly do for *mine*. I must feel that I have right on my side before I am willing to take life.'

" 'Cap'in always talk so, eh? When he soldiers and general, say shoot ten, forty, t'ousand Frenchmen, den he say, 'Stop, general—no hurry—let cap'in t'ink! Bye—m by he'll go and take scalp, eh!'

" It exceeded our old soldier's self-command not to permit the blood to rush into his face at this home-thrust; for he felt the cunning of the Indian had involved him in a seeming contradiction.

" 'That was when I was in the army, Wyandotté,' he answered, notwithstanding his confusion, 'when my first and highest duty was to obey the orders of my superiors. Then I acted as a soldier; now, I hope to act as a man.'

" 'Well, Indian chief always in army. Always high duty, and obey superior—obey Maniton, and take scalp from enemy. War-path alway open, when enemy at t'other end.'

“ ‘ This is no place to discuss such questions, chief, nor have we time. Do you go with us ? ’

“ Nick nodded an assent, and signed for the other to quit the rocks. The captain hesitated a moment, during which he stood intently studying the scene in the clearing.

“ ‘ What say you, Tuscarora ? The serjeant has proposed assaulting that breastwork.’

“ ‘ No good, cap’in. You fire, halloo, rush on—well, kill four, six, two—rest run away. Injin down at mill hear rifle ; follow smoke—where major den ? Get major first—t’ink about enemy afterwards !’

“ As Nick said this he repeated the gesture to descend, and he was obeyed in silence. The captain now led the way back to his party, and soon rejoined it. All were glad to see Nick, for he was known to have a sure rifle, to be fearless as the turkey-cock, and to possess a sagacity in the woods that frequently amounted to a species of intuition.

“ ‘ Who lead, cap’in or Injin ? ’ asked the Tuscarora in his sententious manner.

“ ‘ Och, Nick, ye’re a cr’atur ! ’ muttered Mike. ‘ Divil bur-r-rn me, Jamie, but I t’inks the fallie would crass the very three-tops rather than miss the majjor’s habitation.’

“ ‘ Not a syllable must be uttered,’ said the captain, raising a hand in remonstrance. ‘ I will lead, and Wyandotté will march by my side, and give me his counsel, in whispers. Joyce will bring up the rear. Blodget, you will keep a sharp look-out to the left, while Jamie will do the same to the right. As we approach the mill stragglers may be met in the woods, and our march must be conducted with the greatest caution. Now follow, and be silent.’ ”

The Banker's Wife ; or, Court and City. A Novel. By MRS. GORE, authoress of “ Mothers and Daughters,” “ Mrs. Armitage,” &c.

The wholesome moral which Mrs. Gore has here endeavoured to enforce is quite sufficient to elevate her book out of the class of works of mere amusement into that far higher one of useful teaching. The excursions of the imagination, when they make no further pretensions, may elevate the fancy, or, in other forms, refine the feelings ; pictures of life may teach us to know the world better ; portraits of men may make us more intimately acquainted with the various characters of our fellow beings : all these have their respective merits ; but the endeavour to make all these subservient to the higher aim of enforcing a pure morality, and teaching a sterling and useful lesson through a pleasurable medium, deserves a higher commendation ; and this has been Mrs. Gore’s strenuous endeavour in “ The Banker’s Wife.”

Commencing with a minor point, we must object to the title : the Banker’s Wife is not the leading personage of the history, unless on the supposition that she suffers most, and that quiescently, assuredly the saddest shape of endurance ; but even this species of pre-eminence we are obliged to repudiate, because though anguish may be deeply engraven on the surface of the heart, it is only remorse that eats into its core. The Banker is the real hero of the tale, and is depicted both with spirit and accuracy. Position in life is the one thing for which men universally strive. To struggle up, but never to slide downwards, is the great object of the world. A little higher and yet

a little higher is the still stimulating, never satisfied, desire of the heart. Without this craving after an ever-receding good, which is the bane of peace, and the poison of present enjoyment, man might and would most generally be satisfied with his lot, since it is not so much on existing evil as on desired good that he founds his dissatisfaction: it is in the desire for happiness, which is the shadow, that he disregards contentment, which is the substance. Thus, the Banker makes aggrandisement his aim. To keep his position in society, nay, to elevate himself above it, he spends his days in toil, his nights in care. With the means of ample comfort in his power, he rejects its enjoyment for the sake of gaining another step higher in the world. With a wife whom Mrs. Gore has, with poetical license, made quite perfect, and children in whom affection might fairly concentrate and centre, his feelings are all poisoned at their spring, and turned out of their natural channel. It is a sad and dark concomitant of almost every species of crime, that it is attended by that other, of all the basest—*hypocrisy*. But few of the sins of the world walk avowedly unveiled. Vice still pays that homage to virtue as but seldom to show an unabashed, unblushing front; and hence the intimate connexion of the large family of evil. To avoid detection, commission follows on commission, one sin treads on the heels of another, to screen it from observance. Thus, the Banker, influenced solely, at first, by the desire to support the position in life which his deceased parent had occupied, gradually gives up every hold on rectitude. After exhausting his own resources, he trenches on the banking-house funds, and so there follows a long line of actions of increasing turpitude, and the lost man, struggling to protract his own utter ruin, sometimes trembling at the shadow of a straw, sometimes blind to overhanging mountains threatening to fall upon and crush him; labouring like a slave at the galley's oar, yet strenuously supporting an aspect of ease; devoured with the vulture at his heart, yet dressing his lip with smiles;—at last becomes that saddest of all things, *his own victim*.

But the character of the Banker is admirably contrasted, and the moral of the tale powerfully enhanced, by the old East Indian nabob: a man who, saving and excepting his wealth, which he is generous enough not to value for its own sake, has been bereft of everything near and dear to a heart abounding in love and home affections. A wife, on whom he doted with that old-fashioned sort of intensity which has become so *outrée* in modern days, and sons, grown up to an honourable manhood, had all been snatched away. Wearied with the scenes amid which he had amassed his stores of rupees, the old nabob had sought his native land to find himself forgotten by the friends of his younger days, and with all the work of the heart, if we may be allowed the expression, to begin afresh. But the impulses of that heart, or rather the fulness of its riches, outbursting their over-narrow garner-house, soon surround the aged and bereaved man with a very atmosphere of love. Making the happiness of others by a never-tiring generosity, he receives the gladness back again reflected into his own bosom: while the Banker, with every social relationship of life gathered around him, is yet as joyless as if he were *alone* in the

vast world. True it is that the innate nature, and not the outward circumstances, makes the reality of a man's true condition.

The moral worked out by the actions of these two opposite characters is the primary object of the tale, and with this purpose our interest in the remaining personages has been kept subordinate. While desiring to do justice to the real merit of the work, we are not, however, blind to its weaker points. A little of the vapidness into which Mrs. Gore sometimes falls in her delineations of fashionable life is manifest in the less exciting portions of the narrative; and, a matter of some surprise when we are considering the productions of a lady, there is a feebleness in those parts which are devoted to sentiment, while the strength is all expended on its sterner portion. Contrary to ordinary example, the love affairs are not prominent, and, whether intentionally or not, the characters of the Banker and the Nabob stand conspicuous throughout. Upon the whole, we consider "The Banker's Wife" as one of the best of Mrs. Gore's numerous productions.

ROLL on Moral Command. Fourth Edition.

There is a tone of good sense pervading this work which at once commends it to the attention of the reader. The military details appear to be exceedingly interesting, but of these we shall not be expected to speak. There are other points, respecting general health, which are more open to us. Colonel Roll is, we believe, the first author who has directed public attention to the benefits to be derived from the use of horse-hair gloves. His directions on this subject are as follow.

"In order to carry out the object I have in view, and in unison with my motto, that 'we should all labour to be useful,' I shall endeavour to bring, as it were, before the mind's eye the absolute necessity of our paying the most particular attention to the state of the skin, and upon this subject the following observations may not be considered out of place. For the body to be in a healthy state, the blood should be constantly throwing off and getting rid of its own superfluous and impure portions, through the pores of the skin, by what is called perspiration, sensible and insensible. If we were in a state of nature, the outward air, by playing upon the surface of the skin, would dry up and carry off 'this moisture' as soon as it had reached that surface; but in the present artificial state in which we live, the air never being permitted to blow upon our bodies, they being covered three or four deep with wrapping of various sorts and kinds to exclude that air which we appear to dread as if it would be death—our skins become clogged, and, by degrees, as we get older, the accumulation of the stucco increases, becoming daily and hourly more and more impervious, until, at length, we get all crusted over with a substance similar almost to Roman cement. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that three-fourths of the diseases to which civilized man is subject, and which the savage knows not of, are attributable to the skin becoming stopped up, and which inconvenience nature, ever provident, had guarded against, by providing 'that the entire cuticular covering of the human body should be perforated by the little tubes called hairs,' and with which, accordingly, the whole surface of the skin is covered. I am also satisfied that if the state of the skin were well attended to, those horrid complaints, the gout and rheumatism, besides a thousand other miseries to

which we are now subject, would cease to be, and the annoying visitation of colds would no longer afflict us, if my mode of treatment, as recommended in my little treatise, were generally followed. And why? Because this daily exposure of the surface of the body to the influence of the air fortifies the frame against drafts and chills.

" * * * * Ancient history tells us that the perspiration from the body of Alexander the Great was sweet to the smell, something like as if it were perfumed. So is the exudation from the bodies of all persons who are in a perfectly clean and healthy state; such persons have no wind on the stomach; they know not what that horrid word dyspepsia means; their days are unclouded, their nights undisturbed, and existence to them is real delight. Now to particularize my mode of grooming. After the commonplace toilet duty has been gone through, let every particle of covering be thrown off; then, with a glove on each hand, move about the room for twenty minutes or half an hour, rubbing the person and limbs actively the whole time, but still with caution, so as not to tear the skin. After having so performed, go over the whole body with a sponge dipped in cold water, or tepid water, if more agreeable, (but cold is better,) then run half a dozen times up and down the room, and go through any little evolutions as may be most agreeable, or dance a few steps of a favourite quadrille—do anything, in fact, that will give motion and extension to the body and limbs. Let this mode of treatment be followed up regularly, and then we may say, 'a fig for the doctor.' In addition to the foregoing, I would strongly recommend that a vapour bath should be taken at least four times a year, and a warm bath once or twice a month."

Porter's Key to the Celestial Globe. WEST.

This little book will prove highly useful as a companion to the celestial globe. Under its direction, every constellation, and every principal star, may be instantly found; and as they are alphabetically arranged, with their relative situations annexed, it forms a desirable catalogue for general reference. A glance at this book and at the globe, will enable any young lady to point confidently to the heavens any night in the year, and name the stars and the constellations to her admiring friends. One such display were surely worth eighteen-pence, the price of the book.

Selections from the Kur-án, commonly called, in England, the Koran; with an interwoven Commentary; translated from the Arabic; methodically arranged, and illustrated by Notes, chiefly from Sale's Edition: to which is prefixed an Introduction, taken from Sale's Preliminary Discourse, with Corrections and Additions. By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, author of "The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," and translator of "The Thousand-and-one Nights."

There is no book better known by name than the Kur-án, and none so little known by perusal. The name of the Prophet is a by-word amongst us, and yet few even pretend to know the purport of his teaching. Saving and excepting a few broad doctrines, and those belonging more to the poetry of the faith than the faith itself, the gene-

rality of people are utterly in the dark respecting the tenets of the Faithful, and our familiarity with the name of Mahomet is chiefly derived from his influence in the pages of light literature, where he so often "points a moral and adorns a tale."

But when we consider the vast influence which the impostures of this one man has exercised over the globe, the wide spreading of a religion which is so palpably a religion of pride and of the senses, and yet one that has numbered so vast a myriad of followers that even the sands on the sea-shore but fitly image them, the dominancy of which has up to this hour remained so powerful as still to hold a large proportion of the world in thralldom, thus perpetuating the mental fetters of such multitudes of our race—when we consider this, we say that a lively interest in the Mahometan book of faith is one of the most natural emotions of the mind.

To say that the means of gratifying this laudable interest has not hitherto been afforded would be erroneous. Sale's valuable version of the Kur-án, a work of real erudition and laborious production, being in our possession, the blame of ignorance might well rest upon those who have not entered upon its investigation. But the very learning of the work has, to a great extent, rendered it a sealed book. Not being presented to us in a popular form, unintelligible passages, often apparently without connexion, perplex and fatigue the mind, and it is thus most generally laid aside under the impression of disappointment. "Knowledge of a part is better than ignorance of the whole," stands as the motto on Mr. Lane's title-page, but we might almost consider it as an emendation if we were to read, "Knowledge of a part is better than knowledge of the whole," when that whole comprises such a ritual of moral, civil and religious law, as is scarcely suitable for general perusal; and this being the case, we consider that the present selection and abridgment, in which the text is both explained and methodically arranged, is a production which our literature most peculiarly needed, and one that must soon find its way on to every library shelf. Mr. Lane's previous researches into Arabic letters, and his labours as a translator, rendered him peculiarly well fitted for his task, which he has discharged with a degree of united industry and ability that must not only make his work really well received, but enhance his own literary character.

Passing over his preliminary matter, for which Mr. Lane avows himself to be largely indebted to his predecessor, Sale, we give our extracts from the Kur-án itself, selecting from it some passages in the life of King Solomon.

"¶ 7. And he examined the birds, that he might see the lapwing, that saw the water beneath the earth, and directed to it by pecking the earth, whereupon the devils used to draw it forth when Solomon wanted it [to perform the ablution] for prayer: but he saw it not; and he said, Wherefore do I not see the lapwing? Is it [one] of the absent?—And when he was certain of the case he said, I will assuredly punish it with a severe punishment, by plucking out its feathers and its tail, and casting it in the sun, so that it shall not be able to guard against excessive thirst; or I will slaughter it; or it shall bring me a manifest convincing proof, showing its excuse.—And it tarried not long before it presented itself unto Solomon, submissively, and raised its head, and relaxed its tail and its wings: so he forgave it; and

he asked it what it had met with during its absence; and it said, I have become acquainted with that wherewith thou hast not become acquainted, and I have come unto thee from Seba (*a tribe of El-Yemen*) with a sure piece of news. I found a woman reigning over them, named *Bilkees*, and she hath been gifted with everything that princes require, and hath a magnificent throne. (*Its length was eighty cubits; and its breadth, forty cubits; and its height, thirty cubits: it was composed of gold and silver set with fine pearls and with rubies and chrysolites; and its legs were of rubies and chrysolites and emeralds: upon it [were closed] seven doors: to each chamber [through which one passed to it was] a closed door*). I found her and her people worshipping the sun instead of God, and the devil hath made their works to seem comely unto them, so that he hath hindered them from the right way, wherefore they are not rightly directed to the worship of God, who produceth what is hidden (*namely, the rain, and vegetables*), in the heavens and the earth, and knoweth what they [*that is, mankind and others*] conceal in their hearts, and what they reveal with their tongues. God: there is no deity but He, the Lord of the magnificent throne, between which and the throne of *Bilkees* is a vast difference. (Chap. xxvii. vv. 20—26).

“¶ 8. Solomon said to the lapwing, We will see whether thou hast spoken truth, or whether thou art [*one*] of the liars. Then the lapwing guided them to the water, and it was drawn forth [*by the devils*]; and they quenched their thirst, and performed the ablution, and prayed. Then Solomon wrote a letter, the form whereof was this;—From the servant of God, Solomon the son of David, to *Bilkees* the queen of Seba. In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful. Peace be on whomsoever followeth the right direction. After [*this salutation, I say*], Act ye not proudly towards me; but come unto me submitting.—He then sealed it with musk, and stamped it with his signet, and said unto the lapwing, Go with this my letter, and throw it down unto them (*namely, Bilkees and her people*); then turn away from them, but stay near them, and see what reply they will return. So the lapwing took it, and came unto her, and around her were her forces; and he threw it down into her lap; and when she saw it, she trembled with fear. Then she considered what was in it, and she said unto the nobles of her people, O nobles, an honourable (*sealed*) letter hath been thrown down unto me. It is from Solomon; and it is this:—In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful. Act ye not proudly towards me; but come unto me submitting.—She said, O nobles, advise me in mine affair. I will not decide upon a thing unless ye bear me witness.—They replied, We are endowed with strength, and endowed with great valour; but the command [*appertaineth*] to thee; therefore see what thou wilt command us to do, and we will obey thee. She said, Verily kings, when they enter a city, waste it, and render the mighty of its inhabitants abject; and thus will they do who have sent the letter. But I will send unto them with a gift, and I will see with what the messengers will return, whether the gift will be accepted, or whether it will be rejected. If he be [*merely*] a king, he will accept it; and if he be a prophet, he will not accept it.—And she sent male and female servants, a thousand, in equal numbers, [*five hundred of each sex,*] and five hundred bricks of gold, and a crown set with jewels, and musk and ambergris and other things, by a messenger with a letter. And the lapwing hastened unto Solomon, to tell him the news; on hearing which, he commanded that bricks of gold and silver should be cast, and that a horse-course should be extended to the length of nine leagues from the place where he was, and that they should build around it a wall with battlements, of gold and silver, and that the handsomest of the beasts of the land and of the sea should be brought with the sons of the jinn, on the right side of the horse-course and on its left. (Chap. xxvii. vv. 27—35.)

“¶ 9. And when the messenger came with the gift, and with him his attendants, unto Solomon, he [*that is, Solomon*] said, Do ye aid me with wealth?

But what God hath given me (*namely, the gift of prophecy, and the kingdom*) is better than what He hath given you, *of worldly goods*; yet ye rejoice in your gift, *because ye glory in the showy things of this world*. Return unto them *with the gift that thou hast brought*; for we will surely come unto them with forces with which they have not power [*to contend*] and we will surely drive them out from it (*that is, from their country, Seba, which was named after the father of their tribe*), abject and contemptible, *if they come not unto us submitting*. And when the messenger returned unto her, *with the gift, she placed her throne within seven doors, within her palace, and her palace was within seven palaces*; and she closed the doors, and set guards to them, and prepared to go unto Solomon, *that she might see what he would command her to do*. She departed with twelve thousand kings, each king having with him many thousands, and proceeded until she came as near to him as a league's distance; when he knew of her [*approach, and*] he said, O nobles, which of you will bring unto me her throne before they come unto me submitting? An 'efreet, of the jinn, answered, I will bring it unto thee before thou shalt arise from thy place *wherein thou sittest to judge from morning until mid-day*; for I am able to do it, [*and*] trustworthy with respect to the jewels that it compriseth, and other matters. Solomon said, I desire it more speedily. [*And thereupon*] he with whom was knowledge of the revealed scripture (*namely, [his Wezeer] A'saf the son of Barkhiya, who was a just person, acquainted with the most great name of God, which insured an answer to him who invoked thereby*) said, I will bring it unto thee before thy glance can be withdrawn from any object. And he said unto him, Look at the sky. So he looked at it: then he withdrew his glance, and found it placed before him: for during his look towards the sky, A'saf prayed, by the most great name, that God would bring it; and it so happened; the throne passing under the ground until it came up before the throne of Solomon. And when he saw it firmly placed before him, he said, This is of the favour of my Lord, that He may try me, whether I shall be thankful, or whether I shall be unthankful. And he who is thankful is thankful for *the sake of his own soul, which will have the reward of his thankfulness*; and [*as to*] him who is ungrateful, my Lord is independent, [*and*] bountiful. (Chap. xxvii. vv. 36—40).

“¶ 10. [*Then Solomon*] said, Alter ye her throne so that it may not be known by her, that we may see whether she be rightly directed to the knowledge thereof, or whether she be of those who are not rightly directed to the knowledge of that which is altered. He desired thereby to try her intelligence. So they altered it, by adding to it, or taking from it, or in some other manner. And when she came, it was said unto her, Is thy throne like this? She answered, As though it were the same. She answered them ambiguously like as they had questioned her ambiguously, not saying, Is this thy throne?—and had they so said, she had answered, Yes). And when Solomon saw her knowledge, he said, And we have had knowledge bestowed on us before her, and have been Muslims. But what she worshipped instead of God hindered her from worshipping Him; for she was of an unbelieving people.—It was said unto her also, Enter the palace. (*It had a floor of white, transparent glass, beneath which was running water, wherein were fish*. Solomon had made it on its being said unto him that her legs and feet were [*hairy*] like the legs of an ass. And when she saw it, she imagined it to be a great water, and she uncovered her legs, that she might wade through it; and Solomon was on his throne, at the upper end of the palace, and he saw that her legs and her feet were handsome. He said unto her, Verily it is a palace evenly spread with glass. And he invited her to embrace El-Islám, [*whereupon*] she said, O my Lord, verily I have acted unjustly towards mine own soul, by worshipping another than Thee, and I resign myself, with Solomon, unto God, the Lord of the worlds. And he desired to marry her; but he disliked the hair upon her legs; so the devils made for him the depilatory of quick-lime, wherewith she removed the hair, and he married her; and he

loved her, and confirmed her in her kingdom. He used to visit her every month once, and to remain with her three days; and her reign expired on the expiration of the reign of Solomon. It is related that he began to reign when he was thirteen years of age, and died at the age of three and fifty years. Extolled be the perfection of Him to the duration of whose dominion there is no end! (Chap. xxvii. vv. 41—45)."

Friendship's Offering of Sentiment and Mirth.

The first competitor of this beautiful class of works is now in the field. We had hoped that by this time they might have become naturalized amongst us, but that most dangerous era that divides between the expiration of novelty and the establishment of a custom, seems now to have arrived. Favouritism has no middle age: it must either have the force of freshness or the strong power of habit. The line which separates the two is often fatal to its existence; but when the last state is entered, time, as it passes on, adds stability to its being. We had fully hoped that those beautiful productions, choice combinations as they were of graceful fiction, melting poetry, and tasteful embellishment, would have, long ere now, taken the place of established favourites; but innovations, even when they take the shape of improvements, must needs be construed into indications of less stableness of condition than we would willingly believe. True it is that the first impulse in a new speculation imparts an ardour and energy to executive exertion, requiring a continual renewal of motive power; and if this in any degree decline from the want of corresponding appreciation in the public mind, the original undertaking must needs droop and languish. The fault of failure in continuous efforts too often rests with that hard task-master, the world, rather than with those who are labouring to meet its wishes, and it may be that this has been the case with "*Friendship's Offering*." We miss the names of contributors who a few years back enriched its pages, and we miss also a perceptible something in the taste and choice of the selection. It may be that a partial failure in the harvest fields of this species of literature may have happened to operate unfavourably, yet why it should be so we are at a loss to guess. The poetry which finds its way into the annuals is just that which we might hope to find the freshest, since it is comprised of pieces of such rapid execution and short extension as to have been penned upon an impulse proportioned to their execution, with nothing left to be the effect of constraint and compulsion. This species of energetic composition ought to have all the brightness of a flash of light, and consequently we expect felicitous snatches of song, and little sparkling gushes of poetical feeling in the annuals. We allow that it is different with the prose articles. An animated, well proportioned, sparkling *novellette*, with sufficient arrangement of plot, and sufficient development of character, is a rarer thing, and much more difficult to obtain; but happily, or rather unhappily, there is talent in the market.

The proprietors of the *Friendship's Offering* have this year presented their volume to us like an old friend with a new face. The

tome for 1843 externally looks well and handsome in its robings of golden-coloured and gold: its dimensions are also enlarged: internally we find an alteration in the mode of embellishment, the illustrations being of diversified character. Two of them in the Turner style, by an amateur artist, who is pleased to be known as J. R., of Christchurch, Oxford, are full of taste. The Maiden's Tower, Constantinople, drawn by Manwaring, and engraved by Fisher, is a good plate, in quite a different style. Our own contributors, Mrs. Abdy, and Major Calder Campbell, also grace the company of authors; and we never remember to have met the ladye poet in a more cheering vein than in her pretty versification of a "Bridal Visit." "Recollections of the Gifted," possesses genuine feeling, and "Love's Landing Place" is a pleasing romance. Among the poets, however, we must own that the same J. R. of Christchurch, not content with his attainments as a painter, stands foremost as one who will eventually take his place among the poets of England.

Poems, Original and Translated. By CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, Esq.

Some of the highest aims of poetry are to give right directions to the affections, to elevate the intellect, and to illustrate the ways of God to man. Such are Mr. Kennedy's objects, and his verses are ennobled by their intention. The charm of poetry is too potent for it ever to be misapplied without danger, and it is well that the beautiful should embellish and adorn the right and the good. An extract from the "Poet's Dream" will best introduce our author to the reader.

"And what is fame? A thing of air,
Sought far and wide, and found nowhere;
More flitting than a shade. Who knows
From whence it came, or whither goes?

The statesman plans; he giveth laws;
While listening senates peal applause;
The people bless their happy lot,
And shout, and hail him patriot;

Their gratulations echoing pour,
Like ocean waves from shore to shore;
Then silence; and those echoes die,
Like a forgotten melody.

Soon other sounds are on the gale;
They tell a new, a different tale;
The people mourn; and he the cause;
They curse the man, revile his laws:

The storm frowns, gathers, bursts at length
Yet courage! he hath inward strength
To bear him up! Ah, no! he shrinks
Before the cruel blow: he sinks,

Hopeless, heart-smitten ; as an oak,
When riven by the lightning-stroke.
Sapless and bare and honour-shorn,
Stands on the blasted heath forlorn.

The victor's praise loud clarions tell,
While nations ring the funeral knell.
O madness ! One there lived, whose breath
Was victory, whose frown was death :

He seem'd on earth a demigod ;
On throne and altar fierce he trod ;
He moved and found no resting-place ;
Shook the broad hills his thunderpace :

His trumpet loud and shrill he blew,
And thousand thousands round him flew,
O'er valley strode, o'er mountains clomb,
Travers'd the waste, and found a tomb.

He march'd to Winter's icy field,
And sternly bade the monarch yield ;
But Winter call'd her vassals round,
They, at the word, in arms were found :

She came, and blew so wild a blast,
Shriek'd vale and mountain, as she pass'd ;
She came, and in her chariot-train
Famine and frost and hurricane :

Where be those warmen ? On their host
The snow in stormy waves hath tost,
Frozen the blood within their veins,
Their bones lie scatter'd on the plains.

'Twas not for this the gallant band
Left their sweet home, their native land :
Some other hope before them shone :
Yea ; 'twas a dream that led them on !

And dreamt not he, that soul of pride,
Who scorn'd the earth, and heaven defied ?
I wis not what his visions were ;
But his awaking was despair ;

The poet's aim is pure and high ;
The poet's love can never die :
He pants for gales that ever blow,
He thirsts for streams that ever flow :

He asks for much, and much receives,
And hoping much, he much believes ;
And while to heaven he looks for bliss,
To man a friend, a brother is.

His eye is soft as the moonray,
Yet dazzling as the orb of day,
Light as the silver-shining rill,
Yet as the ocean deep and still.

Now loves he in the shade to lie,
Now sparkles like the butterfly,
Now like a swallow skims the stream,
Now basks him in the sunny beam.

He softly breathes on Nature's lute ;
To hear his lay, the winds are mute,
And air and heaven and earth and sea
Swell with deep love and sympathy.

He soars where never bird hath flown,
O'er regions vast, to man unknown :
He comes, and tells where he hath been,
He comes, and tells what he hath seen ;

And few believe ; yet still he sings
Of his unearthly wanderings :
With sacred fire his breast doth glow,
Unfading wreaths adorn his brow

In great and small his heart hath place,
Of love divine he finds the trace,
In woman more than beauty sees,
In life unnumber'd mysteries :

Dreams, if thou wilt ! So let it be :
Fresh glories ever weaveth he ;
Truthful, and bright, and spirit-free,
He dreams of immortality."

The Last Days of Francis the First, and other Poems. By JOHN THOMAS MOTT.

The principal poem in this collection is founded on an anecdote which has obtained some celebrity, namely, that of Francis the First, while residing at Chambord with his sister Margaret of Navarre, writing on the window of his apartment these lines,

"Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol qui s'y fie."

It is odd enough how little unpremeditated points in the history of men stand prominently forward so as to become resting-places for memory, reviving with our recollections of them more decidedly than their most important actions. This little ebullition of spleen in the mind of Francis, probably at the moment feeling his heart embittered by the stinging of inconstancy, has become one of them, and Mr. Mott having chosen it for his versification, has put it into a very agreeable metrical form. Margaret's spirited, womanly, yet tender expostula-

tion, possesses many of the requisites of poetry. "The Crusades" is another poem of equal merit, and in the whole of this little volume the choice of subject is select, the style pure and undisfigured by affectation or false ornament, and the morality unexceptionable. We think that, considering how much abused are the Muses in all these respects, that we are offering Mr. Mott no slight praise.

Select Poetry for Children: with brief Explanatory Notes. Arranged for the Use of Schools and Families. By JOSEPH PAYNE.

This is a judicious selection of poetry, suitable for children of all ages, and chosen from our best poets. In these days, when abstruse science is carried almost into our nurseries, it is really a treat to see anything so simply good as the little volume before us. Childhood is assuredly the season for strengthening the best feelings of our nature, as well as for exercising that most early developed of the intellectual faculties,—memory; and both these great objects may be aided by such a little volume as the one before us. "Emulations, strifes, envyings," are too frequently the result of scholastic competitions, but such works as these introduced into educational establishments, may carry on the gentle work of instilling what is pure in sentiment and high in morality, first commenced on the mind of her child on a mother's knee; and thus this unambitious little volume may be productive of higher good than all the works of imagination that ever issued from the highly-gifted intellects of some of our first authors.

Practical Introduction to the Study of the German Language. According to the Views of Dr. Becher, the Discoverer of the Natural System of Language, and Founder of an Improved Method of Instruction. By HEINRICH APEL, late Assistant-Master in King's College, London.

Dr. Becher's natural system of Language, upon which this elementary book is founded, is too well known to need definition here. According to his views, "grammar has for its base a system, connected in all its parts, at once simple and natural, explaining the phenomena of language in a manner intelligible to all." Undoubtedly the labour of the linguist has ever been a fearful taxing of the memory unassisted by the other faculties of the mind, and if they can be brought to exert themselves simultaneously, it will necessarily be found that "union is strength," and the required exertion will be infinitely lightened. Of Mr. Apel's ability to present us with an educational grammatical work on this new system, the fact of his having been occupied during six years in instructing large classes in King's College School in his native language, is the best proof, and will prove the strongest recommendation, for a practical knowledge in tuition is the best qualifier for those who would impart it.

The Art of Questioning and Answering in French. By A. C. G. JOBERT, author of the "Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles du Puy de Dôme," late Editor of the "Journal de Géologie."

Monsieur Jobert's plan of teaching is that of the auricular, and we go far in our coincidence with him, that it is the best—the best because the easiest; for the labour wasted on rules and exceptions, if profitably bestowed, would usually do much towards the acquirement of a language. Our author repudiates all the plans of self-teaching and book-instructing, on the ground that sight, without previous training, can never convey the right idea of sound. Conversational instruction, in which good pronunciation, and a just application of words, are at once acquired, he considers as the most successful, and least laborious mode of acquiring a language; and he has consequently arranged a formula of the Art of Questioning and Answering in French, which may either be brought to the assistance of other modes of instruction, or used independently of them all. To those who may not be willing to adopt it in its primary intention, we recommend it as a useful adjunct.

Hours in the Picture Gallery of Thirlestane House, Cheltenham: being Notices of some of the Principal Paintings in Lord Northwick's Collection.

The visitors of Cheltenham will find this species of Catalogue very much enhance their pleasure in viewing Lord Northwick's Gallery, which is so kindly and liberally, and with that genuine desire of promoting love for the arts, made so easy of access to the public. The collection is good, containing some of the best works of the old masters, while those of more modern date are selected with taste and judgment. No one ought to visit Cheltenham without thankfully availing themselves of the liberality which throws this Gallery open to their inspection; and no one ought to approach the collection without carrying this descriptive Catalogue in their hands.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The new edition of Sir E. L. Bulwer's *RIENZI* is now ready; and the other volumes reprinting of the prose works are in a forward state.

Our readers who remember the sensation produced by the publication of that very original and talented work, "*Susan Hopley*," will be pleased to learn that the author has now in the press a new production, entitled, *MEN AND WOMEN, OR MANORIAL RIGHTS*, which may be expected to appear early in December.

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A lady in Norfolk is about to publish a new work, entitled *THE GLEANER*, which will contain the cream of the best authors, and form an elegant drawing-room or library table book. The work is to be published by subscription, and the names of subscribers are received by Messrs. Saunders and Otley.

The Hon. Miss Maynard's new volume of Poems, *RECORDS OF SCENERY*, is advanced towards completion.

The new edition of *BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE* being now in preparation, any communications or alterations should be forwarded to the publisher without delay.

Mr. Grant, the author of "*Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*," is about to bring out a new work, under the title of "*PARIS*" AND ITS PEOPLE. The work, which will be in two volumes, is, we understand, written on the same plan as his "*Great Metropolis*," which excited so much interest a few years ago. The English public will doubtless be anxious to learn what Mr. Grant says of our Parisian neighbours. He does not, we are told, write in an ill-natured or depreciating spirit, but he gives the result of his inquiries and observations in the free and fearless manner which characterizes most of his previous works. The work may be expected to appear in about a fortnight.

Messrs. Longman and Co. announce for speedy publication the following among other new works:—Lord Jeffrey's Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*; the *Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Macintosh*; *Southern Ethiopia*, by Major Harris; *Memoirs of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan*; Mr. Laing's *Kings of Norway*; and an *Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy*, by Mr. Webster and the late Mrs. Parkes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Lieutenant and the Crooked Midshipman.* 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.
A Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet. By Capt. Marryat. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Jessie Phillips; a Tale of the Present Day. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
The Belle of the Family; a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Sir Cosmo Digby. By J. A. St. John. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Ireland and its Rulers since 1829. Part I. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
The Dramatic Works of James Sheridan Knowles. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Findlay's Modern Atlas, containing Thirty Maps and Index. Royal 8vo. half-bound 12s. coloured, 9s. plain.
Miss Corner's History of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
The Musical Bijou for 1844. Royal 4to. 15s.
Narrative of H. J. Marks, a Converted Jew, by Himself, with Preface. By the Rev. C. B. Taylor, M.A. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
The Isles of Greece, and other Poems. By F. M. F. Skene. Fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
The Search after Proserpine, and other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. Fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
The Gift; a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1844. 8vo. 21s.
Fidelity, or a Town to be let Unfurnished; a Poem. By G. Hatton. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Gleanings from the South, East, and West. Fc. 8vo. 5s.
Diary of a March through Sindh and Afghanistan. By the Rev. J. N. Allen. Post 8vo. 12s.

Derry; a Tale of the Revolution. By Charlotte Elizabeth. 12mo. 5s.
 The English Governess; a Tale of Real Life. By R. M'Crindall. 12mo. 5s.
 Eastern Romances, Arabian and other Tales. Fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Legends and Traditionary Stories. Square 16mo. 4s. 6d.
 Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches. Third Series. Royal 8vo. 21s.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE are glad to find that the trade of Manchester has been more active during the past month. On printed goods there is a decided advance on previous rates, and as manufacturers are partially out of stock, an increased briskness may fairly be expected. In woollen goods the market has been firm, and quite equal to that of the same period in other years. In Mark Lane supplies have been steady. In tea, the large amount in the sales has had a tendency to make prices dull. In coffee and sugar the market has retained average rates.

MONEY MARKET.—The abundance or scarcity of money being always dependent on the ease or difficulty of its profitable and safe employment, capital still remains in plenty in the market. The English Stocks, though with some slight fluctuation, have kept tolerably firm. The foreign funds have not been depressed, though they have been sluggish.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 27th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 179 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 95 one-half.—Three per Cents. Consols, Ann. 95 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Ann. 101 three-fourths.—Indian Bonds, 75, 8 pr.—Exchequer Bills, 500l. 1½d. 64s. 62s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 54.—Spanish Three per Cent. 30 three-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, Oct. 31, 21.—Mexican Five Cent. 30 seven-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 97 one-half.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 3 TO OCT. 20, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 26.—J. F. Sporer, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, tailor.—R. Parker, Deptford-row, Rotherhithe, linendraper.—S. Burges, Dunstable, tailor.—H. H. Barker and J. Bean, Argyll-street, Oxford-street, tailors.—J. Etock, Leeds, linendraper.—S. Canning, Warwick, victualler.

Sept. 29.—J. Smith, Hoxton Old-town, linen-draper.—W. and R. Gray, Bishops Waltham, Southampton, corn dealers.—C. Chambers, Peterborough, liquor merchant.—S. Wesley, Long Buckley, Northamptonshire, baker.—W. Smart, Billingham, Sussex, dealer.—R. Kipling, Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—R. Kipling and W. Atkinson, Wood-street, Cheapside, warehousemen.—E. Goldsby, Hastings, draper.—H. Watts, Bristol, sailmaker.—J. B. Carson, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Hill, Durham, grocer.

Oct. 3.—W. Woodward, Hammersmith, builder.—T. Bennett, New City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street-within, timber merchant.—C. Bonriot and W. Espivent de la Vettesboisnet, Coleman-street-buildings, merchants.—G. Brinsmead, Bideford, Devonshire, retailer of flour.—J. Sykes, Birstall, Yorkshire, corn miller.—O. Jones, Liverpool, draper.—J. Southern, Birmingham, grocer.—W. Havelock, South Shields, carver.—W. Hughes, Plascoch, Merionethshire, slate merchant.

Oct. 6.—J. Brooker, Southampton-row, carver and gilder.—P. A. Nottall, Cheltenham, newspaper vender.—J. Bedford, Melina-place,

Westminster-road, iron merchant.—J. Harvey, St. Mary-axe, builder.—G. Keeling, Manchester, brewer.—S. Gould, St. John's, New Brunswick, merchant.—E. K. Bullman, Leeds, cabinet-maker.

Oct. 10.—J. and R. Davies, Chiswell-street, drapers.—F. W. E. Barandon, Philipot-lane, merchant.—J. Mallett, Hadley, Middlesex, miller.—J. Millington and T. Satter, Manchester, and Low Mills, near Chorley, calico printers.

Oct. 13.—J. Harrison, Brighton, coach builder.—W. E. Filby, Norwich, wine merchant.—J. L. Woodroff, Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, innkeeper.—J. Ridgeway, Manchester, merchant.—J. W. Harrison, Stockton-upon-Tees, grocer.—T. J. Whidborne, Liverpool, chemist.—J. Smalley, Snelton, Nottinghamshire, ironfounder.

Oct. 17.—W. H. Frearson, Wood-street, Cheapside, sewing cotton manufacturer.—W. Dickinson, Abbey-hill, Bexley, Kent, merchant.—R. Sharpe, Chelmsford, Essex, draper.—J. Wood, Coleman-street, tobacconist.—R. T. Abbott and A. T. Tebbit, Birmingham, wholesale tea dealers.—A. Gordon, W. Cartwright, and J. Blackett, Manchester, machine makers.

Oct. 20.—E. Brain, Rodney-street, Pentonville, steel and copperplate printer.—J. Walpole, Crown-street, Finsbury, stay manufacturer.—J. G. West, High-street, Wandsworth, grocer.—W. Mills, Birmingham, upholsterer.—J. Bourne, Bemmersley, Staffordshire, printer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1843.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	48-60	30.14-staty.	N. b. E.		Clear, except the early part of the morning.
24	50-64	30.12-30.05	N. & N.W.		Generally cloudy.
25	46-67	29.95-29.86	N. & N.W.		Cloudy, with a little rain in the afternoon.
26	42-58	29.83-29.71	N.W.		Morning and evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
27	38-54	29.53-29.44	N. b. W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
28	37-58	29.44-29.54	N.W.		Clear.
29	38-57	29.66-29.70	N.W.		Clear.
30	45-64	29.54-29.64	S.W.&N.W.	.22	Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
Oct.					
1	70-56	29.70-29.74	W. b. S.		Clear.
2	63-64	29.74-29.76	S.W.&N.W.	.103	Raining lightly in the morning, aftn. & evg. clear.
3	46-64	29.82-29.80	S. W.		Generally cloudy.
4	54-70	29.80-29.82	S. W.		Clear.
5	50-66	29.80-29.89	S. & S. b. E.		Clear.
6	51-63	29.58-29.39	S. b W. & S.	.4	Generally cloudy with rain, at times heavy.
7	55-63	29.41-29.26	S.W.	.25	Showery all day.
8	60-51	29.12-29.41	S.W.		Generally cloudy. [generally cloudy.]
9	46-53	29.12-29.38	N. & W. b. S.	.303	Rain in the morning, afternoon, and evening;
10	37-55	29.61-29.36	S.W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy, rain in evening.
11	37-60	29.02-28.95	S. b. W.	.1	Cloudy, with frequent rain. [evening clear.]
12	40-47	28.90-29.22	WbS&WbN	.39	Morning cloudy, rain about noon; afternoon and
13	33-48	29.38-29.42	N.W.&S.W.	.11	Generally clear; rain from 3 to 4 A.M.
14	49-35	29.44-29.51	N.W.		Do.
15	28-49	29.44-29.41	N.W. & N.E.		Do.
16	27-45	29.41-29.40	N. & N.W.		Do.
17	29-43	29.04-29.09	S.W. & WbN.		Generally cloudy: heavy rain at 4 A.M.
18	34-45	29.54-29.70	N. by W.	.38	Generally clear.
19	27-42	29.95-29.99	North.	.1	Do.
20	24-48	29.96-29.85	S.W.		Do.
21	37-53	29.60-29.72	W.b.S & NW	.115	Morning raining, afternoon and evening clear.
22	32-56	29.75-29.68	S.W.		Generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

C. L. F. Franchot, of Arundel Street, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, and C. M. T. du Motay, of the same place, Gentleman, for an improved method of connecting and laying pipes or vessels beneath the surface of water, for the purpose of forming therewith tunnels or viaducts for the conveyance of passengers and goods. Aug. 31st, 6 months.

G. Catlin, of Queen Square, Bloomsbury, Artist, for certain improvements in the constructing of vessels for navigation, designed to prevent the loss of life in cases of shipwreck or other accidents at sea. Sept. 4th, 6 months.

W. Thomas, of Cheapside, Merchant, for an improved fastening for wearing apparel, and which may also be applied as a fastening to portmanteaus, bags, boxes, books, and other things. Sept. 6th, 6 months. Communication.

A. Spears, of Glasgow, Merchant, for improvements on or appertaining to glass bottles proper for wines and other liquids. Sept. 6th, 6 months. Communication.

P. Pelletan, of Fitzroy Square, Middlesex, Esq., for improvements in the production of light. Sept. 6th, 6 months.

and management of the several establishments for giving medical relief should be vested in elective bodies freely chosen by the rate-payers, it would be essential, in order to secure uniformity of action and regularity of detail, that a central governmental authority, responsible to parliament, should exercise a control over all the medical institutions supported by public assessment.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY, in different parts of the continent, has of late furnished a variety of interesting particulars, some of which we may lay before our readers. M. Baër, who has recently returned from a journey undertaken, by desire of the government, into the northern regions of Russia, for the purpose of making a geological survey thereof, has discovered in Lapland, Nova Zembla, and some of the islands lying near the coasts of Finland—particularly in Wiez, which is all but desert, several subterranean stone labyrinths. The natives whom M. Baër interrogated as to the origin or destination of these labyrinths, knew nothing of them, save that they were called *Babylons*, and held in such veneration that the people were afraid to touch them. M. Baër has brought away drawings, which he is about shortly to publish, for the speculations of the learned and curious.—The excavations in the forest of Bretonne, in France, continue to yield interesting results. A bath has been laid open, reached by a staircase in hewn stone. A bronze hatchet, fragments of mosaic, cups and rings in bronze, broken household vessels, oyster-shells, bones of human beings and of animals, continue to keep attention alive. A substance found in a vase broken by the pick-axe of a labourer, long puzzled the science of the Normans; but an elaborate analysis has shown it to be a composition of cobalt, known as *smalth*, mixed with carbonate of lime, and used, no doubt, for painting frescoes.—In the forest of Cornouet (Finistère), not far from the ruins of the castle of that name, which overhangs the waters of the Isole, have been discovered some valuable antiquities; amongst others, a tomb, composed of stones, joined together with a cement of a brown colour, partaking of the character of wax, but hardening to the consistency of stone on exposure to the air. The tomb contained a chain of massive gold, whose circular links are in good preservation. The rings are of different sizes, two and two, and formed each of four thick gold threads. On the pavement of the tomb were found as many small arrows, of sharp and transparent flint, as the chain has rings, a sword, and three lance-heads, one of silver. The tomb is supposed to be that of a distinguished Gaulish military chief.—A letter from Dieppe says:—"The excavations at St. Marguerite, have brought to light six rooms in mosaic, and some skeletons, near several of which were found pieces of armour, coins, and fragments of vases. A complete Roman villa, in fact, has been laid bare. The size of the skeletons is small, and it is conjectured that they were young men of from sixteen to eighteen years of age."—A student at Bayonne has made a curious discovery in a plane not far from the commune of Lalouquette, in the canton of Thèze. In the centre of a little hillock, a few feet only below the surface lay, and has lain for centuries, an admirable mosaic. The colours are three—red, white, and black. The divisions—the largest of which do not exceed twenty millimètres in length, by twelve in breadth,—affect the most varied forms, and compose in their arrangement, not landscapes nor scenes in animated nature, but figures perfectly regular, circles single or concentric, polygons, lozenges, trapeziums, and sometimes hearts. So admirably, too, are they combined, that in the whole extent of two hundred square metres, which the mosaic covers, there is nothing approaching to monotony. This magnificent pavement rests on a bed of cement about three centimètres in thickness. Under the cement is a layer of mortar mixed with sand, brick, and quicklime, and the whole is on a pavement of large flint-stones, fixed in a bed of argillaceous earth.—*Athenæum*.

GALILEO.—Some manuscripts of Galileo which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old archives in the Palazzi Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence. It proves that the Inquisition, which was accused, may be calumniated; a fact of which many persons entertained considerable doubt. Be that as it may, the manuscripts, besides being objects of curiosity, are likely to be useful to astronomical science, inasmuch as they contain information respecting the eclipses of former times, a course of the satellites of Jupiter, subjects to which Galileo directed great attention.—*Foreign Quarterly*.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.—In our investigations of this subject we can never leave out of view the fact that we cannot demonstrate the existence of any other phy-

sical force in nature than electricity. Free electricity exercises no directive power upon the magnetic needle, because the directive power results from the simultaneous exertion of attraction and repulsion; but we find, when electricity is latent and in motion, that then the directive power is manifested. Now one electric current does not constitute magnetism, it is merely an elementary portion of magnetism; but a parallel and contiguous series of electric currents, existing in closed circuits, does, provided that by their union the covered surface of a geometrical solid be formed. This curious result of the parallelism and contiguity of electric currents depends upon the principles of attraction and repulsion of electric currents, according to their direction. For instance, all round a rheophore, in which an electric current is established, the action upon the magnetic needle is the same; therefore the intensity at each point of the circumference of the rheophore is equal. But when two electric currents are made to run in the same direction, a mutual attraction takes place; and hence results a *pro tanto* neutralisation at the points of contact, and a corresponding increase of intensity externally. The more the number of electric currents is increased, the more marked are these effects; so that when a parallel and contiguous series of indefinite currents is formed, existing in the same plane, if we conceive a line to be drawn at right angles to their direction, and equal in length to the sum of their transverse diameters, the middle of this line will be neutral, and from this point the intensity increases in geometrical progression to the extremes. But if these currents, instead of existing in the same plane, form portions of a spherical surface, then the intensity increases in numerical progression. We have thus the cause of the existence of the neutral point in the middle of a magnet accounted for, and also the cause of the difference in the increase of intensity of a globular magnet and of an elongated one. It therefore follows, that the more convex the surface of a magnet is, the less will be the diminution of intensity at the equatorial region; and conversely, the more concave, the greater the diminution. So that if a globular magnet were compressed into the circular plane of its equator, the intensity would then be at its maximum at the circumference of this circle, and the neutral point at the centre. This may be proved by placing a disc of steel between the opposite poles of two magnets; the maximum intensity will then be found at the circumference of the disc, and a neutral point in the centre.

If we now form the rheophore into a convolved spiral, with the spires contiguous, and existing in the same plane, when the current is sent through this instrument it flows in concentric circles, expanding from the centre. Suppose each of these circles decomposed into four different directions; at every second inflection, the partial currents existing therein will be in direct opposition, repulsion will consequently exist between them, and at every successive inflection in the direction, the partial currents will be running towards the apex of an angle and from it; repulsion will also arise from this cause, which is merely a consequence of the former. The repulsive force, and consequently neutralising force, will therefore increase inversely as the diameter of the circle; a neutral point is thus formed in the centre of the spiral, from which point the intensity progressively increases to the circumference. We have thus the cause of the existence of a neutral point at the extremity of the axis of a magnet accounted for; and the same principle with respect to convexity or concavity here holds good.

The preceding facts enable me to come, in some degree with *connaissance de cause*, to the consideration of the neutral action of magnetic bodies. As the north pole of one magnet repels the north pole and attracts the south pole of another, it is thence concluded that the two halves of a magnet are different in their magnetic faculty. This is quite erroneous; for it is well known, that, externally, the north pole of a magnet attracts the south pole of an electro-dynamic cylinder, yet, internally, a perfect equilibrium of their mutual action is established only when their centres of figure are coincident, and then the north pole of the magnet is adjacent to the north pole of the helix. To prove this also with respect to magnets, I magnetised the interior of a steel tube, and floated it upon mercury; a small cylindrical magnet was then held in a line with the axis of the tube, and with its north pole towards the south pole of the tube; the tube was then attracted, and the motion thus communicated continued until the tube enveloped the magnet; the north as well as the south poles of each were then adjacent. The action of a steel tube, when magnetised internally, is therefore analogous to that of an electro-dynamic cylinder. A remarkable fact, and one highly confirmatory of the truth of the electro-dynamic theory, is, that the currents of the internal surface of the tube are in an opposite direction to those of the external

surface; hence externally, either pole of the magnet will attract either pole of the tube. Again, if the tube, instead of being magnetised internally, be magnetised externally, and a small magnet be now introduced within it, so that the homonymous poles be adjacent, the tube will be repelled, and pass from over the magnet. This fact clearly establishes the internal state of neutralisation of a magnet, and proves that magnetic attractions and repulsions are phenomena of direction of electric currents. Hence the north pole of one magnet attracts the south pole of another, only indirectly and partially, in every position, even where the axis of both magnets are in a line; for in this position one magnet will not lift up another, unless there be an overwhelming disparity in their respective dimensions—the greatest lifting power of a magnet residing, not at the extremity of the axis, but at a certain distance laterally from it; that is, at the latitude of maximum intensity. Hence, when one magnet is lifted up by another, their axes, instead of being in a line, form an obtuse angle: because the forces of the north pole of one magnet do not coincide in direction with those of the south pole of another, a perfect coincidence could only arrive when the homonymous poles of both magnets would also be coincident. So that we may conclude, that the north pole of one magnet attracts the south pole of another only as a consequence of the attraction, in a particular direction, of the mass of one magnet for the mass of the other.

These facts being premised, we shall find that, by a careful generalisation of them, the question of terrestrial magnetism will unfold itself with the utmost simplicity. In considering this question I shall, in the first place, take general results; and in the next, endeavour to show to what local causes the exceptions to these results must be attributed. Observations made at different points of the surface of the earth furnish us with the following facts:—At the terrestrial equator a magnetic needle, suspended from its centre of gravity, and having motion in a vertical plane, assumes a horizontal position. If the same instrument be carried from the equator towards, for instance, the north pole of the earth, along a meridian line, the south pole of the needle inclines from the horizontal position; and this inclination increases, in a certain proportion, with the latitude, until the needle arrives at about 75° of latitude, where it assumes a vertical position; so that, if terrestrial magnetism be analogous to artificial magnetism,—and the identity of effects in both cases proves this,—the verticality of the magnetic needle is only a character of the magnetic pole, but is no proof whatever of actually having reached it. Therefore, in this case, the needle has merely reached the parallel of latitude of maximum intensity. It follows from this, that if the surface of the earth were uniformly spherical, any three points of equal inclination, upon this parallel of latitude, being found, the position of the magnetic pole would be determined. That position could only be in the centre of the plane of this parallel of latitude, and consequently coincident with the pole of the earth,—a fact which I hope to be able to establish satisfactorily.—*Literary Gazette.*

FEMALE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE.—M. de Castellane has at length succeeded in carrying into effect his long-cherished scheme of founding in Paris a female Académie Française. Among the objects proposed by the institution are—The distribution of medals to the authoresses of remarkable works; the encouragement of young females in their first literary essays, and the defrayal of the expenses of printing their works; affording pecuniary aid to literary women in straitened circumstances, and providing for the children of those who die in poverty. Among the ladies who are already chosen members of the new Academy are, Mmes. Georges Sand, Emile de Girardin, De Bawr, Virginie Ancelot, Anna des Essarts, Clémence Robert, Charles Reybaud, Princesse de Craon, Eugénie Foa, Mélanie Waldor, Anaïs Ségalas, D'Helf, Comtesse Merlin, and several distinguished female painters and musicians.—*Foreign Quarterly.*